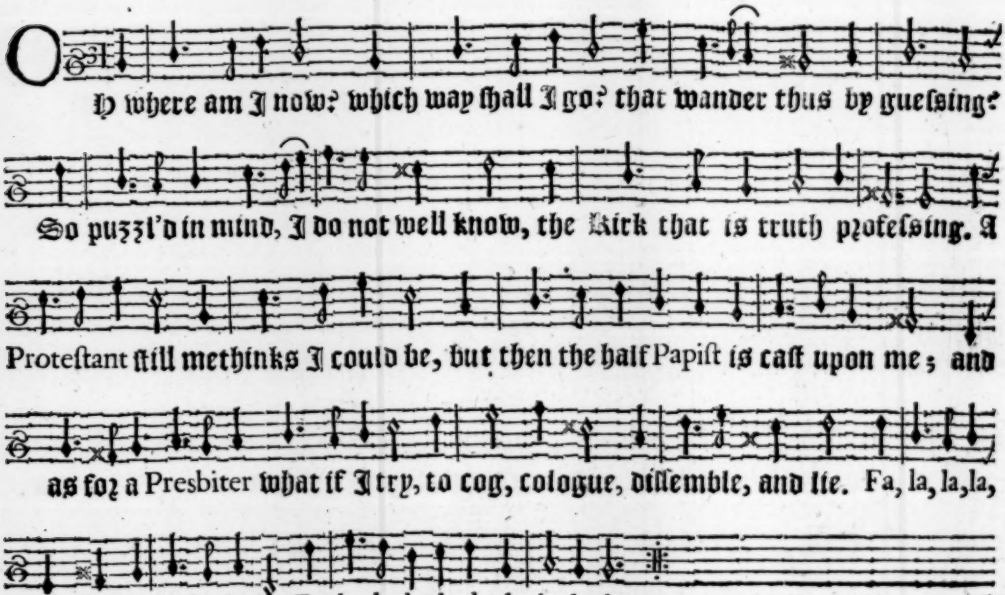
Poor ROBBIN turn'd SEEKER;

OR,

The Seekers Ballad.

To the Tune of 49.



The Protestant sayes,
Since Papist, and Pope,
Were thrust out of possession;
although he retain,
A Cross, and a Cope,
Yet Ours is the true profession;
By Parliament-Law,
Synodical too;
Our Faith was establisht,
and therefore is true:
And Bishops are ancient,
Can not be deny'd;
For Cranmer, Cranmer,
For the truth dy'd.
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, &c.

The Presbiter then,
Pulls me by the sleeve,
And says we are all in an Errour;
Says this is the Parliament,
We must Believe;
As pure as a Chrystal Mirour:
The Lord does on them
Such favours confer,
Enlightens them so,
That they cannot Erre:
And Prelacy is,
No Man can deny,
A Rag, a badge,
Of old Popery.
Fa la, la, &c.

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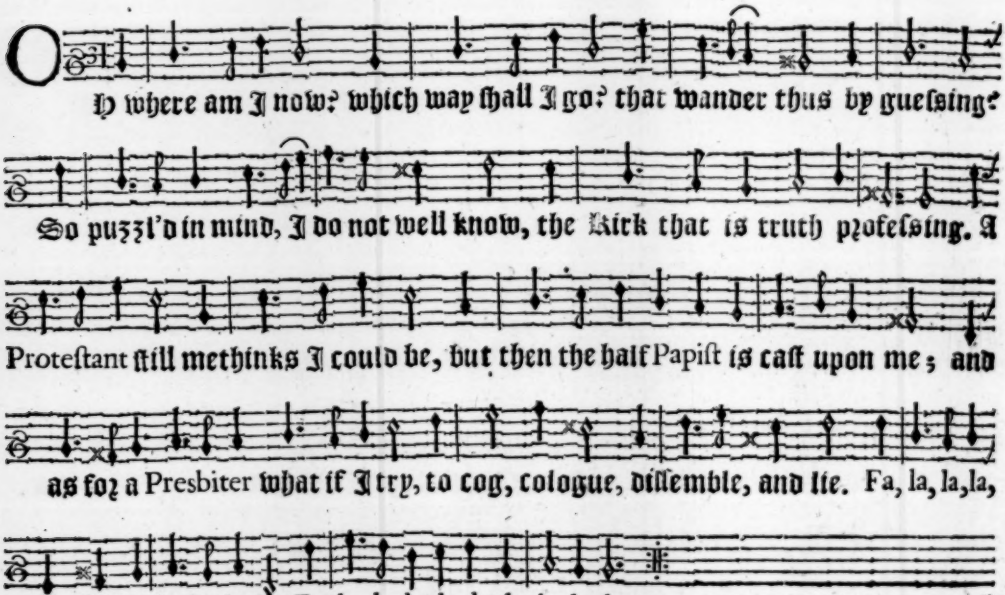

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The Second Part.

The Anabaptist,
Comes running betwixt,
In the Spirit alike confiding;
Says Parliament Faith,
With Errour is mix'd;
And therefore he's thus deciding:
That his is the truth,
That's prov'd by the word;
Not foisted by Votes,
Nor forc'd by the Sword;
And therefore concludes,
The Spirit tells me,
My Faith, my Faith,
From Errour is free.
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Yet see, unawares,
Comes in a Fourth Man;
And 'tis an Independent,
Who verily swears,
He'll do what he can,
against a Super-intendent:
That he may not Swear,
for they must live free;
And will not admit
Of Presbiterie:
'Mongst them shall not lurk,
So per'lous an Elf,
But Parsons, Parsons,
Each by himself.
Fa, la, la, &c.

Behold a Socinian,
Comes in with his wit,
Though now't be out of season;
Says, He that desires
To Level, and hit,
Must follow the light of reason:
By Judgement expound,
the Text as it lies;
And shape to himself,
a Faith by his Eyes;
And then may conclude,
the Spirit tells me,
My Faith, my Faith,
From Errour is free.
Fa, la, la, &c.

But stay my dear Friends,
the Quaker then cri'd, lings,
By Yea and by Nay you are dark-
You all erre and you stray,
And you walk on one side,
and ye have not of Faith
The least sparkings.
Then tremble and groan,
And move as I do;
I will shew you the Light,
And the Dark at one view:
You shall quickly behold,
We are glorious within:
Since we're so perfect,
that we cannot sin.
Fa, la, la, &c

Last in the rag end,
the Papist began
To boast his Catholick Mother,
the Pillar of truth;
Yet then as one Man,
though one 'gainst another,
'Gainst him to oppose,
We all were combin'd:
Saying she is old,
that now being blind;
She cannot see that,
which is writ in the word:
The Truth, the Truth,
Inspir'd by the Lord.
Fa, la, la, &c.

Now who must come in?
But I to decide?
Who likewise may have the Spirit?
and if they presume,
Then I may confide,
that never believ'd in Merit.
A true Seeker still,
For my self will I be,
Yet outward as pure,
as any you see,
Who turn up the whites,
as godly as they;
And Cog, Cologue,
For this is the way.
Fa, la, la, &c.

FINIS.